

"If you had more harmony in your house, there would be less anarchy," remarked the drug clerk, smiling as he filled a small bottle of arnica.

"You am right, boss. Dats jes what de fuss was about. De reason we neecs anarchy is bekase dar was no hominy in de house, and dats why de ole womas hit me wid de chair. — *Texas Sitings.*"

—“Take Notice” is the name of a new town in Idaho. If it wasn't for the name some people might not see the single saloon which constitutes the place.—*Detroit Free Press*

—Jefferson wrote that "great cities are pestilential to the morals, health and liberties of man," and to-day everybody is swarming into great cities, no-encouraging for the future.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—As growth with the calves is a greater object than fat, a food that will produce muscle and bone is more desirable than one which produces flesh. Therefore oats and bran are esteemed a better food for growing calves than corn and bran.—*Chicago Journal.*

—One recent morning Kate Slocum, a pretty Florida girl, stood at the door of her father's house watching the rising sun just peeping above the tree tops. Paddy, the gardener, came whistling along the road at that moment, and as he was passing, Kate's cloud for a moment obscured the orb of day. "Sure," said Pat, with a bow and a smile, as he lifted his hat, "when the sun boyant caught sight of your eyes he was jealous and ashamed and hid himself away." Did any gallant ever say a prettier thing?

—It is said that the Mormon emissaries in the South have never succeeded in converting a negro to Mormonism.

The provision that the postal notes should be presented for payment within three months will prevent their circulating as money. On the whole, the system bids fair to be one of great usefulness to the people.—*Youth's Companion*.

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"—All in the fashionable world," says *London Life*, will remember that some months ago a charming and accomplished lady met with a frightful and a frightful accident through her dress catching fire. So severe were her injuries that life was spared, and the officiating clergyman of a well-known West End church was sent for to administer spiritual consolation to one believed to be moribund. To him the lady said: "As I know that I am dying, I have a request I will disclose to you only. I love you with my whole heart." The prompt reply was: "You must not die, but live to be my wife." I am glad to add that this week the lady was married to the object of her affections."

—A party of burglars invaded the town of Essex, Mass., mounted on noiseless bicycles, the other night, entered a number of houses, and rode off with considerable plunder, without having awakened any of the inhabitants.